James Aloysius O'Leary

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM NEW YORK

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

James Aloysius O'Leary

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM NEW YORK

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
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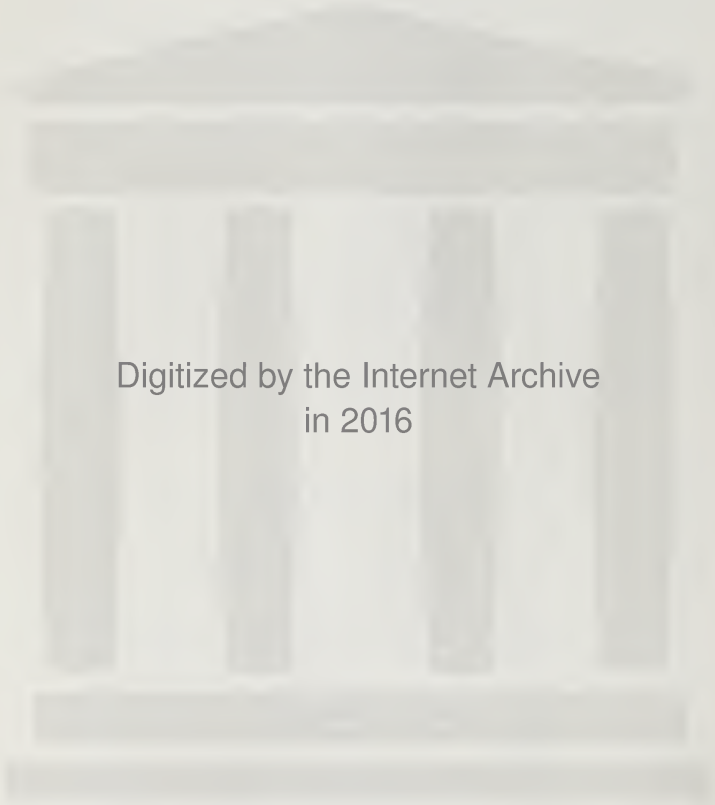
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Biography

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY was born in New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., April 23, 1889; attended St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, all Staten Island institutions; studied law while engaged in the real estate and insurance business; became associated with the North Shore Ice Co. in 1917 and served as general manager and vice president 1920–34; also an official in numerous other Staten Island enterprises; unsuccessful candidate for the nomination for State senator in 1930; elected as a Democrat to the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses, and served from January 3, 1935, until his death at West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., March 16, 1944; interment in St. Peter's Cemetery.

In the House of Representatives

TUESDAY, *May 9, 1944.*

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 31st day of May 1944, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for sixty legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 12)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer------ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation---------- The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)-------- Corp. Glenn Darwin

Scripture reading and prayer---------- The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence.

Address---------- Hon. Jerry Voorhis
Representative from the State of California

Hymn---------- Corp. Glenn Darwin

Address---------- Hon. Karl E. Mundt
Representative from the State of South Dakota

Taps---------- Musician Edward Masters

Benediction---------- The Chaplain

James Aloysius O'Leary

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 31, 1944.*

The SPEAKER pro tempore of the House of Representatives (Mr. Cooper) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Corp. Glenn Darwin, Army Air Forces Band, sang There Is No Death.

The Chaplain:

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

"The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;
Alas, for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away!
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own!"

"The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with heavenly love
That drips for me and you."

"He leads you into no darker room
Than He Himself went through,
And in your path He has laid no stone
He would not carry too."

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Alney E. Chaffee, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

WILLIAM WARREN BARBOUR, a Senator from the State of New Jersey: Born July 31, 1888; manufacturer; graduate of Browning School, New York, N. Y., 1906; attended Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; member of the New York National Guard for 10 years; served on the Mexican border in 1916 as a first lieutenant, promoted to the rank of captain; member of the Rumson (N. J.) Borough Council in 1922; mayor of Rumson, N. J., 1923–28; Member of the United States Senate, under appointment and election, from December 1, 1931, to January 3, 1937; member of the New Jersey Unemployment Compensation Commission in 1937; reelected to the United States Senate in 1938 and 1940; died November 22, 1943.

FREDERICK VAN NUYS, a Senator from the State of Indiana: Born April 16, 1874; lawyer; graduated from Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., in 1898 and from the Indiana Law School at Indianapolis in 1900; prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ind., 1906–10; member of the State senate, 1913–16; served as president pro tempore in 1915; chairman of the Democratic State committee, 1917–18; United States attorney, district of Indiana, 1920–22; elected to the United States Senate in 1932; reelected in 1938; died January 25, 1944.

CHARLES LINZA MCNARY, a Senator from the State of Oregon: Born June 12, 1874; lawyer; jurist; student at Leland Stanford Junior University, California; deputy district attorney of the third judicial district, 1906–13; dean of the law department of Willamette University, Salem, Oreg., 1908–13; associate justice of the State supreme court, 1913–15; chairman of the Republican State central committee in 1916 and 1917; Member of the United States Senate under appointment in 1917 and again in 1918; elected to the Senate in 1918, 1924, 1930, 1936, 1942; elected minority leader of the Senate in March 1933 and served until his death; candidate for Vice President of the United States in 1940; died February 25, 1944.

ULYSSES SAMUEL GUYER, Second Congressional District of Kansas: Born December 13, 1868; teacher; lawyer; judge; student Lane University, Lecompton, Kans.; Western College, Toledo, Iowa; Kansas University Law School, Lawrence, Kans.; and Kansas City School of Law; principal of St. John (Kans.) High School and superintendent of St. John schools, 1896–1901; judge city court of Kansas City, Kans., 1907–09; mayor of Kansas City, Kans., 1909–10; Member of the Sixty-eighth Congress and the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died June 5, 1943.

FRANCIS DUGAN CULKIN, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born November 10, 1874; reporter; soldier; lawyer; student St. Andrew's College and the University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; served in the Spanish-American War; captain in the New York National Guard, 1901–08; city attorney of Oswego, N. Y., 1906–10; district attorney of Oswego County, N. Y., 1911–21; county judge, 1921–28; member of the Thomas Jefferson Bicentennial Commission and the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission; delegate to several Republican National Conventions; Member of the Seventieth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (nine successive Congresses); died August 4, 1943.

EDWARD WESTER CREAL, Fourth Congressional District of Kentucky: Born November 20, 1883; teacher; lawyer; editor and publisher; student Southern Normal School, Bowling Green, Ky., and East Lynne College, Buffalo, Ky.; received degree of bachelor of law, Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1906; superintendent of schools of Larue County, Ky., 1910–18; county attorney, 1918–28; Commonwealth attorney, 1929–36; member of the Democratic State executive committee, 1924–40; Member of the Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died October 13, 1943.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

JOHN WILLIAM DITTER, Seventeenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born September 5, 1888; teacher; lawyer; received degree of bachelor of law, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1913; professor of history and commerce, Philadelphia (Pa.) high schools, 1912–25; workmen's compensation referee for eastern Pennsylvania, 1929; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; chairman, Republican National Congressional Committee, 1939, until his death, November 21, 1943.

HENRY BASCOM STEAGALL, Third Congressional District of Alabama: Born May 19, 1873; lawyer; student Southeast Alabama Agricultural School at Abbeville; received degree of bachelor of law, University of Alabama, 1893; county solicitor, 1902–8; member of the State house of representatives, 1906–7; member of the State democratic executive committee, 1906–10; State district prosecuting attorney, 1907–14; delegate to the Democratic National Convention, 1912; Member of the Sixty-fourth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (15 successive Congresses); died November 22, 1943.

LAWRENCE LEWIS, First Congressional District of Colorado: Born June 22, 1879; businessman; teacher; lawyer; student University of Colorado at Boulder; received degree of bachelor of arts in 1901 and degree of bachelor of law in 1909 from Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. assistant instructor in English, Harvard University, 1906–9; member of the Colorado Civil Service Commission, 1917–18; private in the Seventeenth Observation Battery, Field Artillery, Central Officers' Training School, October to December 1918; Member of the Seventy-third to the Seventy-eighth Congresses; manager 1933 impeachment proceedings against Judge Harold Louderback; died December 9, 1943.

WILLIAM HOWARD WHEAT, Nineteenth Congressional District of Illinois: Born February 19, 1879; farmer, banker; student Chaddock College and Gem City Business College, Quincy, Ill.; school treasurer of Rantoul, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died January 16, 1944.

LEONARD WILLIAM SCHUETZ, Seventh Congressional District of Illinois: Born November 16, 1887; stenographer and secretary; businessman; student Lane Technical High School and Bryant & Stratton Business College, Chicago, Ill.; Member of the Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died February 13, 1944.

THOMAS HENRY CULLEN, Fourth Congressional District of New York: Born March 29, 1868; businessman; graduate St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880; member of the State Assembly, 1896–98; State senator 1899–1918; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1912, 1916, 1920, 1924, 1928, 1932; alternate delegate 1940; Member of the Sixty-sixth to the Seventy-eighth Congresses, inclusive (thirteen successive Congresses); died March 1, 1944.

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'LEARY, Eleventh Congressional District of New York: Born April 23, 1889, businessman; student St. Peter's Academy, Augustinian Academy, and Westerleigh Collegiate Institute, Staten Island, N. Y.; general manager and vice president North Shore Ice Co., 1920–34; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, Seventy-seventh, and Seventy-eighth Congresses; died March 16, 1944.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The CHAPLAIN. Through Jesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Hon. JERRY VOORHIS, a Representative from the State of California, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JERRY VOORHIS

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the last memorial service held in this chamber ten Members of the House of Representatives and three Members of the Senate have finished the work which was given them to do here and made their last long journey home. It is, I think, a beautiful and proper custom that one day in every year is set aside from other business of the Congress in order that we may pay solemn tribute to those of our colleagues whose bodily presence has passed away from us but who still live among us in spirit and in memory.

Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with

their bones." Life's lessons teach us otherwise. It is the strength, the goodness, the inner worth of men and women that lives on—not alone in the mind of God but in the life of this world as well.

Those who have known and worked with children come in time to understand that into every life that comes this way there is infused some special gift—a gift that is unique and not quite like the one which any other human being brings.

Many and various are these gifts which God, through boys and girls and men and women, seeks to bestow upon the world. But somewhere in each one of us is carried a flash of genius or a special skill, a word or smile of strength and hope, an understanding heart, which no one else in all of life can give mankind unless he does so. Only those who know a man the best can truly value him, or see just where and when and how he casts his precious stone upon the waters of this life to make their movement different and a bit more beautiful than could have been the case had he not passed this way.

It was the Master Himself who told us: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Only as the seed returns to the ground from whence it sprang can its life be renewed in the plant whose potential beauty and usefulness lay locked within that seed.

So let it be with our departed colleagues. May the good seed they have planted be so nourished and tended by the honor we do their memory that the work they began may live on to benefit mankind.

The history of mankind teaches us repeatedly this great truth; that it is in death that somehow good men and women and truly great men and women gain the fullest measure of their power and are able to exert their greatest creative influence upon their fellow sojourners upon this strange and ofttimes baffling little planet. The great musicians, authors, and inventors have died in poverty, unheralded and unsung, their work rejected by mankind. Yet after their mortal

bodies have ceased to walk the earth generations of men and women have lived to honor them and—what is of a great deal more importance—have brought literally to life the very minds of such men through their symphonies, their books and poems, their inventions.

While he lived Galileo was condemned a heretic for teaching the truth about the structure of the solar system. But in death he has taught generations of these things.

Thomas Jefferson faced in his own times a bitter enmity among large numbers of his fellow countrymen. He was called a Jacobin, accused of being dangerous and radical. At times his very life was threatened. But that same Jefferson lives today in hearts and minds of millions around the world; and it is to that same Jefferson that Americans of every political creed look for leadership. His body fell into the ground and died. But, freed from it, his living thoughts have brought forth untold good fruit to bless his country and its people.

And Lincoln. Is Lincoln dead? "Oh, yes," men say. He died in Washington in 1865. And never was a man in high office so flagrantly maligned, so bitterly attacked, so schemed against by those pretending to be his friends. But Lincoln is not dead. The good he did is not interred with his bones. The words he spoke at Gettysburg, the simple honesty of his mind, the mighty majesty of his great rugged soul are more impelling, more alive today than when he struggled, mortal, among men.

And what are we to learn from Him who died upon a cross, condemned to death by those he lived to save, nailed there by the soldiers of a heartless state that thought he could be killed? Are we so blind as to believe that that Good Friday was a day of failure and defeat? No! We cannot be. The very soul of the religion we profess is only to be found in understanding that Easter Resurrection never comes unless Good Friday goes before it. Death and resurrection were not, are not, two events but one.

The one creative power in all experience is self-sacrificing devotion. Out of the travail of motherhood the child is born. No mighty music or great work of art, no poem of power or book of worth, no law of justice or religious truth—not one of these things has come into this world except where he who brought it gave of himself, made sacrifice to bring it here.

Death, then, is but the greatest sacrifice. It is then man gives his all. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life to his friends." The bodies of these our colleagues in the House have been committed to the ground. The same earth holds them that holds the bodies of those soldiers, sailors, and marines who today around the world give all they have—their very lives—that other people may be free. Death is supreme sacrifice; sacrifice is the soul of creative power; creative power is of God.

Only in death is life made whole and perfect. The awesome mystery that surrounds the passing of the soul from its body finds its counterpart in the utterly inexplicable miracle of birth. No scientific explanation in cold biological terms of the mere process that accompanies the coming of a new life into this world has even so much as scratched the surface of the profound miracle that inheres in the mighty fact that new life is possible, that God shares with men and women His own creative powers.

And so with death. We only know that somehow the body has lost its vital element. Its chemical composition is not altered; its weight has not changed. Except for a deeper repose than it has ever known its outward appearance is much the same. And yet the force we know as life is gone from it. The only thing which, residing there, possessed significance and power and beauty has found escape.

We know, do we not, in our heart of hearts that another miracle has taken place? We know it is not an end we witness but completion of life's cycle with the return whence it came of a portion of the expression in personality of the life and power of God.

It was Christ Jesus Himself who gave His life to teach us this lesson. "I go to My Father," He said. And again to the repentent thief there on the cross beside Him, "Today shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It is remarkable, I think, that we have clothed that word with meaning so foreign to our own experience. For what greater paradise to the worn and tired traveler than to return to his own home at nightfall? And where, but to the Father from whence he came, could that greatest of all human souls have sought to go?

We are wrong if we mourn for those whose work is done, whose hour of labor on this earth is finished. Only our own loss should cause us pain. For even as with glad and thankful hearts we welcome the newborn babe, so with understanding and insight into life's true meaning we should regard the final miraculous escape of the soul of a man or woman from the body that has held it a brief moment on this earth.

The physicist tells us that matter is indestructible, that even fire has no power to destroy but only to transform. Can any man with power of reflection and quiet thought regard this universe with its ordered suns and stars, this earth blessed with water, soil, and air, the power of growth of all its living things, as but a series of unrelated accidents? Can any man regard the growth of mind from the dawn of understanding in the ice caves of a far-off age to the spiritual communion of a church, the sweep of knowledge of a school or the intellectual interchanges of a parliament—can this great fact be sensed at all without belief in God? This mighty existence of which we find ourselves, for reasons utterly beyond our ken, a part, did not just happen. There is an Author, Sculptor, Artist, what you will, who has shaped and patterned it. And His highest of all works is the mind and soul of man. Is the work and travail of creation to be reasonably believed to be for naught? To say so is to speak what palpably is not and never can be true. No! This is no mockery. God's greatest work does not die. He takes it home to Himself again.

Who has not looked upon the stars and wondered at the power that holds them in their courses? And who thus

wondering has not known that that power is one of purpose, of intelligence, of absolute inclusiveness of all He has created and especially of all to whom He has given life.

THE MYSTIC

There is a quest that calls me,
  In nights when I am lone,
The need to ride where the ways divide
  The known from the unknown.

I mount what thought is near me
  And soon I reach the place,
The tenuous rim where the seen grows dim
  And the sightless hides its face.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the sea,
I have ridden the moon and stars.
  I have set my feet in the stirrup seat
Of a comet coursing Mars.
  And everywhere
Through the earth and air
  My thought speeds, lightning-shod.
It comes to a place where, checking pace,
  It cries, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me out of the darkness,
  It calls me out of sleep,
"Ride! ride! for you must, to the end of dust!"
  It bids—and on I sweep
To the wide outposts of being,
  Where there is gulf alone—
And thro' a vast that was never passed
  I listen for life's tone.

I have ridden the wind,
  I have ridden the night,
I have ridden the ghosts that flee
  From the vaults of death like a chilling breath
Over eternity.
  And everywhere
Is the world laid bare—
  Ether and star and clod—
Until I wind to its brink and find
  But the cry, "Beyond lies God!"

It calls me and ever calls me!
And vainly I reply,
"Fools only ride where the ways divide
What is from the whence and why!"
I'm lifted into the saddle
Of thoughts too strong to tame
And down the deeps and over the steeps
I find—ever the same.

I have ridden the wind,
I have ridden the stars,
I have ridden the force that flies
With far intent thro' the firmament
And each to each allies.
And everywhere
That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod—
Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.

—*Cole Young Rice.*

Yesterday our colleagues stood with us on "the strand where just beyond lies God." Today they have crossed over. Today they understand. No longer do they search for explanations and for truth. They are gone beyond the veil that cloaks the answers to all mysteries from those of us who still must live. It is not in mourning that we honor them. But rather in seeing that to us is given one great duty and the opportunity and means of being true to their memory. For we can dedicate ourselves to struggling to complete the work which they began. These whose memory we honor here today, now see face to face the meaning of all life and death and sacrifice and creative love. For where they are, there the Source of Life resides.

Let us turn then with understanding to the uncompleted task of building that better world which those who have gone before have helped make possible. May the good they did upon this earth live on after them through the efforts of us who called them friends. Ours is the torch they have laid down—these Members of the House and Senate and men like them around the world today. Their memory, their

influence, their very spirit on this earth will live if we keep faith with them. May the peace of God which passeth understanding keep their hearts and minds this day and always, and may His inspiration guide and spur us on as we strive to hold high the torch they have passed on to us.

Corp. Glenn Darwin sang Abide With Me.

Hon. KARL E. MUNDT, a Representative from the State of South Dakota, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY MR. KARL E. MUNDT

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet today for a purpose which has the dignity and tenderness of funeral rites without their acute sadness. We are drawn together today not by a new bereavement but one which time has softened and mellowed. We are here to pay tribute to those Members of the Senate and the House who have joined the realm of the invisible since we last met here a year ago in a memorial service. It is our privilege today to honor those who have passed on. We freshen with the dew of recollection the fragrant blossoms of love and understanding wreathed about the memories of our departed. We do well to pause annually for an occasion such as this. We approach this session with eyes undimmed by tears but with hearts filled with the tender thoughts of remembrance and retrospection. We meet here not only to honor the memory of those who have gone but to remind ourselves that soon or late each of us must hearken to the call and take our place with those preceding us in the silent halls of death, there to bivouac together in our low green tents waiting the reveille and the reunion of the resurrection.

Joseph Addison once represented humanity as a great throng passing over a bridge, having numerous secret trap doors, which unexpectedly open now and then letting the passengers pass through until toward the end of the last span no one remains to pass. What a true picture of life that represents. Some are nipped in the bud, others fall at blossom time, some fall by the wayside at mid-maturity, and few

there are who are privileged to ripen and retain their earthly functions beyond their allotted three score years and ten. We who serve together in the Congress of the United States know that each year sees the passing of a certain number of our associates into the realm beyond and above the valley. Slowly but surely our ranks are constantly thinned. We pause on the speedy highway of life today to commemorate the lives of those who have answered the distant call.

As we pause together to pay tribute to the departed, we find courage in the fact that life does not end with the lapse of mortal breath. We are buoyed by the evidences of life after death which Nature provides us in every environment. The beautiful sunset is but the beginning of a glorious sunrise. Twilight finds its inspiring finish in the dawn. The dry leaves descending in the fall provide the rich mulch to protect the tender shoots of life reappearing in the spring. When we go down into the valley of the shadow it can be said that we have finished the day's work, but it cannot be said that we have finished our lives. Our day's work will begin anew with the following morning. The tomb is not a blind alley or a dead-end street. It is a thoroughfare. As it closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn. Edith Davis Rowe expressed it well when she wrote:

Some day our ears will cease to hear,
  Our limbs will cease to walk,
Our eyes will close to mortal scenes,
  Our tongue no more will talk;
Our hands will never work again,
  Our heart will stop its beat,
But yet for years our work will stay
  To make our lives complete.
The things we made will still be used,
  The things we write be read,
The things we've said will, too, live on
  In others' minds instead.
And so our lives go on and on
  Through generations more,
The products of the human mind
  Are tripled by the score.

Good deeds survive the human trail; kind words never die. Our bodies may vanish from the scene of action, but the influence of our lives, well lived, continues with the endlessness of eternity. Yea, verily, in the words of the beautiful song we have heard this morning, there is no death. By our everyday deeds as we work along we determine in part our individual grasp upon eternity. Wise King Solomon expressed it rather tersely, albeit truthfully, when he said in Proverbs x: 7: "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

A poet whose name has been lost in anonymity although his words have attained immortality put it this way:

Not—how did he die?
But—how did he live?
Not—what did he gain?
But—what did he give?
These are the units
To measure the worth
Of a man as a man
Regardless of birth.
Not—what was his station
But—had he a heart?
And—how did he play
His God-given part?
Was he ever ready
With a word of good cheer
To bring back a smile
To banish a tear?
Not—what was his church?
Nor what was his creed?
But—had he befriended
Those really in need?
Not what did the sketch
In the newspaper say—
But—how many were sorry
When he passed away?

Those of us who knew personally the 3 Members of the Senate and the 10 Members of the House who have passed away since last we met in memorial services realize that the genuine sorrow and fond memories which followed their departure

give eloquent testimony to the high measure of worth which attached to each of those no longer able to respond to the calling of the roll. In a very real sense these Senators and Representatives gave their lives in the service of their country. Their passing left the Nation poorer but their services here in Congress helped to shape its course toward greatness.

In this particular memorial service, held as it is during the anguish of a great and awful war, we who gather here meet with a full appreciation of the fact that each day and night hundreds of new white crosses are being erected to American military heroes who have gone to sojourn with our departed associates in the realms of eternity. As we honor our own absent Members today, let us, therefore, add to their lists in our praise and our prayers all of their predecessors in the Congress and the men and women of America who have died and are yet to die in the service of their country.

THESE ARE DIFFICULT DAYS IN CONGRESS

American history has recorded no more difficult or important time to serve in Congress than the present. The Seventy-seventh Congress which tussled with the pre-war problems and the tasks of rearmament and the Seventy-eighth Congress which provides the sinews of war and the legislative support for the most costly and calamitous conflict in human history have been the most trying and exacting Congresses in the years of our Republic. The pressure of long hours and multitudinous tasks, the strain of anxious decisions on momentous problems, the worry of responsibilities pregnant with significance for all time to come, have taken their toll among our associates in Congress as they have on the fields of battle.

Only a knave or a fool could wear lightly the heavy obligations which are his as a Member of Congress in this desperate juncture of our national history. The combination of nights made sleepless by reflection upon what would comprise the best decision on the morrow and of days made restless by the torturing turmoil of our times has not limited its demands

by exacting the lives of those whom we are met here today to commemorate. We can also read its heavy toll in the faces and the bodies of those with whom we are presently associated in the mighty decisions of our daily lives. Truly, these are not easy times in which to serve in Congress.

GOVERNMENT BY BENEFIT OF CONGRESS IS BEST

If those who see Congress only from the outside and judge it only by its errors and its weaknesses could but follow its individual Members to their homes and live with them, sharing their thoughts and emotions for just a single month, the carping criticism of writers and speakers which has sometimes risen to almost a crushing crescendo would be projected with the moderation of a better understanding. It is an ancient truism that the water is never missed until the well is dry. Even the most brazen and hyperbolic critics of Congress whose pens and words sometimes drip with the hateful brine of personal venom would retire into silence if the alternative of no Congress at all were substituted for either a good Congress, or an indifferent Congress.

A hasty glance at the conditions in countries where there are no legislative bodies on the national level of where such bodies simply serve to reenforce the edicts of the vain men who dominate their countries convinces the severest skeptic that government by benefit of Congress at its worst is far superior to government bereft of Congress at its best.

While the hearts and minds of our colleagues, both alive and dead, have been saddened and burdened at times by unconscionable and unjustifiable attacks upon their patriotism, their purposes, and their personalities, the Nation itself has cause to rejoice that its Congress had stood up to these attacks, fighting back at times and at others simply turning its back to the storm, but ever and always fixing its eyes on its standards and refusing to surrender.

If I were a minister of the gospel and were going to select a text to weave into this address, I would go to the Psalms 118,

and use the twenty-second verse, "The stone which the builders rejected has become the stone of the corner."

The gradual evolution of Congress to its present position as the keystone of freedom and self-government in this Republic is in harmony with the Biblical admonition which I have just cited. In his struggle to master the art of government, man was slow to turn to an assembly of his associates as the device through which to maintain order, protect the weak, and regulate the strong. He experimented down through the ages with sages and savants, with tyrants and despots, with medicine men and potentates. He turned to princes and kings, to queens and dukes and lords. Only after losing his faith in the rule of hereditary houses and regal men down through the sad experiences of centuries did man finally turn to himself and his fellows as the source from which sound government could best be sought.

Even in the founding days of this Republic, the position of the great institution of Congress came only as a compromise between those who feared the people and those who were suspect of the king.

Now after over 150 years of self-rule and of congressional control over purse and sword, this great legislative stone—the Congress—which the builders of government for ages rejected has truly become the head of the temple of self-government in America. And as the keystone of freedom in this Republic, it has become the lodestone of freedom for all the world. Men and women, wan and weary with war, turn yearning eyes in our direction and vow to themselves in their despair that in the glad days of tomorrow, they will erect governments in which they, themselves, can be the rulers as well as the ruled.

Strangely enough, in the uncertain happenchance of life across the years, many of those who have dealt most unfairly and unjustly with Congress have had occasion to seek assistance or protection from the very branch of Government which they so callously condemned. In truth, these men

and groups have been rescued from a fate which might well have been theirs had their vicious sneak attacks been more successful. Thus, these constant critics many times have secured dividends as a result of their own impotence. I think Ralph Waldo Emerson must almost have had Congress in mind and must have envisaged some of the smear attacks directed at it in modern times when he wrote his poem, A Nation's Strength. Permit me to quote a verse or two from it:

What builds the nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?
Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

We who are here today may well thank our eternal God that men of the type of whom Emerson wrote have been so numerous in America. In peacetime and in war, on the battlefield and on the home front, in public and in private life, a great and good God has blessed this Republic with enough men and women willing to stand fast and suffer long to build this Nation's pillars so deep and lift them so high that today the beacon light which is the United States signals to all the world to join us in attaining nobler objectives by employing the precepts of brotherly love and by following the teachings of the Man of Galilee. It is men of this type whom we are gathered here today to honor. It is men of this type who must carry on at home and abroad during this tragic era. It is men and women of this type who must seek communion with their God in the shaping of a world after the war which will get civilization back in gear and help in

bringing to greater numbers the blessings of more lasting peace and greater equities.

WE MUST MAKE THINGS COME RIGHT

Out in the sky-touching mountains of South Dakota—the Black Hills—lives a great American known to many of you by his literary works. I refer to the poet laureate of South Dakota, Badger Clark. In my opinion, the greatest work that Badger Clark has ever written is his poem The Job. I want to read it to you now, as typifying a theme which should help us in meeting the challenges which we confront and give us courage and hope when we feel futile in our grapple with the imponderables which lie ahead of us.

THE JOB

But, God, it won't come right! it won't come right!
I've worked it over till my brain is numb.
The first flash came so bright,
Then more ideas after it—flash!—flash!—I thought it some
New Constellation men would wonder at.
Perhaps its just a firework—flash! Fiss! Spat!
Then darker darkness and scorched pasteboard and sour smoke.

But, God, the thought was great,
The scheme, the dream—why, till the first charm broke,
The thing just built itself, while I, elate,
Laughed and admired it. Then it stuck,
Half done, the lesser half, worse luck!
You see, it's dead as yet, a frame, a body—and the heart,
The soul, the fiery vital part
To give it life, is what I cannot get. I've tried—
You know it—tried to catch live fire
And pawed cold ashes. Every spark has died.
It won't come right! I'd drop the thing entire,
Only—I can't! I love my job.

You, who ride the thunder,
Do you know what it is to dream and drudge and throb?
I wonder.
Did it come at you with a rush, your dream, your plan?
If so, I know how you began.
Yes; with rapt face and sparkling eyes,

Swinging the hot globe out between the skies,
Marking the new seas with their white beach lines,
Sketching in sun and moon, the lightning and the rains,
Sowing the hills with pines,
Wreathing a rim of purple round the plains;
I know you laughed then, while you caught and wrought
The big, swift, rapturous outline of your thought,
And then—
Men.

I see it now.
O, God, forgive my pettish row!
I see your job. While ages crawl,
Your lips take laboring lines, your eyes a sadder light,
For man, the fire and flower and center of it all—
Man won't come right!
After your patient centuries,
Fresh starts, recastings, tired Gethsemanes
And tense Golgothas, he, your central theme,
Is just a jangling echo of your dream.
Grand as the rest may be, he ruins it.

Why don't you quit?
Crumple it all and dream again! But, no—
Flaw after flaw, you work it out, revise, refine—
Bondage, brutality, and war, and woe
The sot, the fool, the tyrant, and the mob—
Dear God, how you must love your job!
Help me, as I love mine.

Friends, what a challenge the patience and perseverance of the Creator provides for each of us as we hew to our jobs. In a world wicked and weary with war, we can take fresh hope that out of it all will come something better. We labor today under the grim red shadow of an awful war because men will not come right. Or should we say, more hopefully, that we struggle on through carnage and conflict because up to now men have not come right? What of tomorrow? And the day after? Men must come right. A kind Providence has given us the tools for success. We can think and reason. We can work and laugh and sing. We can talk and write and pray. We can remember and we can plan ahead. Men must come right, and with them must come a rightly acting world.

We who are here today cannot do it all. But we can do something. We in America cannot reform the world. But we can help. We in our legislative seats cannot refashion human nature here at home to make all things come right. But we can help to provide an environment which will encourage rectitude and make equity a permanent guest. We who now serve in Congress are not the only Members of the House and Senate in our Nation's history. Others have been here before and others yet will follow us. But we are the only ones who hold office here today. Thus, in a very real sense we are the head of the temple. We cannot do the job alone, but without our help the big job can never be done rightly.

For the next 7 months at least we must love our job and to it give our very best. If the 13 absent ones whom we honor today could speak to us from out of the vast beyond, their message would be to carry on for freedom, for America, for humanity, in the name of our colleagues who have gone, and of our fighting heroes scattered throughout the world.

For 1 month and half a year, at least, we are the fire and flower and center of it all. We must make things come right. With God at our side and our eyes on the stars, let us work at our job to the end that a fair chance for a free people may be the earthly heritage of every babe that is born in this and every other country. We mortals who have so badly bungled the universe of the Creator now face our greatest opportunity. As God gives us the wisdom to see what is right let us master our jobs in a manner to do honor to those who are gone and to bring honor to those who are here.

Musician Edward Masters, United States Marine Band Orchestra, sounded Taps.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
James Aloysius O'Leary

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Dickstein

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: JIM O'LEARY, who left us at the untimely age of 55, was a Member who endeared himself to many by his cheerful manner, his readiness to help, and his extreme amiableness. His friends in this House were legion not because he was one of those who scan every bill and try to act as watchdogs of the Treasury, but because he gave to each piece of legislation that human sympathy which was the outstanding trait of O'LEARY'S character.

In spite of the fact that his service in this House was not quite a decade, there is not a Member of this body who did not at one time or another converse with O'LEARY or spend some time in his company.

O'LEARY was a born companion and nearly every Member of the House knew him affectionately as "JIM."

O'LEARY'S life was spent in business pursuits and at the time of his death he was the general manager of the North Shore Ice Co., of Staten Island, and an official in numerous other Staten Island business enterprises. He was devoted to his home and family and his son is now a member of the armed forces, being a lieutenant in the United States Coast Guard, while his two daughters are married to members of our armed forces, one being the wife of a lieutenant in the Coast Guard and the other the wife of a captain in the United States Army. O'LEARY'S family is therefore well represented on the roster of our armed services, and because of his intimate interest in our Army and Navy, O'LEARY was a consistent

advocate of national preparedness and supported all legislation in favor of our war veterans.

We will miss his genial smile and pleasant manner, and the committees of which he was a member, particularly the Committee on Pensions, and the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, will miss an indefatigable worker.

Remarks by Representative Welch

Of California

Mr. SPEAKER: It was with profound sorrow that I learned of the passing of my friend the Honorable JAMES A. O'LEARY, who so ably served the American people in this House of Representatives. At this time in our country's history his passing is a distinct loss to the Nation, the House of Representatives, and the people of the district he so ably represented.

It was my pleasure to be associated with our late colleague throughout his entire membership in Congress as a member with him on the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries. His intimate knowledge of the problems of the American merchant marine, to which he devoted his able and constructive mind, made him a staunch and true friend who dedicated his capacity to its development.

Likewise our colleague knew intimately the problems of his people from the highest to the lowest, and to these problems he devoted a courage and faithfulness unsurpassed. His innate sense of justice, coupled with his jovial and unselfish personality, made him the friend of all. We shall miss him greatly in the days ahead. My deepest sympathy is extended to his family.

Remarks by Representative Fitzpatrick

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: Once again death has stilled the hand and mind of one of our most beloved members of the New York delegation, my warm friend and colleague, JAMES A. O'LEARY, affectionately known to his legion of friends as JIM.

I had the pleasure of meeting JIM O'LEARY when he first became a Member of this House. During many years of association with him in this Chamber I found him to be a sincere and honest legislator, conscientious and untiring in his efforts here. On his work here in Congress I need not dwell. We are all familiar with his fine grasp of legislative procedure and his ever constant desire to serve his constituents. JIM O'LEARY always gave the best that was in him to the problems of his people and his country. I am sure that every Member of this body who served with him held for JIM an affectionate regard, and appraised him as a man of outstanding ability, integrity, and patriotism.

JIM O'LEARY will be greatly missed by the Members of this Chamber as well as his neighbors and friends whose interest he always had at heart.

When he died not only did his family suffer a great loss, but his community, the people of his district, and the State of New York lost a faithful and sincere public servant. I have lost one of my best friends and colleagues.

Remarks by Representative Lemke

Of North Dakota

Mr. SPEAKER: We are met here today to honor the memory of our departed colleagues and friends—to listen to the roll call of those who have been taken from our midst. It has been the good fortune of each of us to know some of these Members intimately—our misfortune to know others not so intimately. We all know that they all strove to make their State and Nation a better place to live in; to make this a better world for their having been.

We know that they were but human—part of us. They did not claim to be infallible. They knew that human wisdom was limited. They strove with the light they had in a war-mad world. They, too, hoped for a just and permanent peace. They strove for perfection knowing that that goal could not be reached—but approached.

In honoring these dead we honor ourselves. We honor them not as partisans but as colleagues and fellow citizens of a great Nation. Partisanship ends at the grave. All earthly strife and difference of opinion comes to an end at the tomb. When the line that divides life and death has been passed, strife ends and there is perfect and permanent peace.

Let us hope that the spirits of our departed friends are present with us here today. Let us hope that they will guide us to ever higher ideals not only here on the floor of this House, but throughout the Nation and throughout the civilized world.

Remarks by Representative Merritt

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: God in His wisdom has seen fit to reach out and take from our midst one of our very dear and loyal friends, a valuable asset to the House of Representatives. JIM O'LEARY was a true friend and a good American, a man who at this moment has one son giving his very best so that we can continue in this deliberation in which we are taking part this afternoon. The things that JIM stood for were pronounced by his every deed and his every action up until this present moment. His suffering was tremendous, not only his physical suffering but his mental suffering as well, having just suffered the loss of his dear wife. I am sure his son and daughters will be happy in the knowledge that he has left behind him many, many friends. We stood here no more than 2 weeks ago and uttered practically the same words in behalf of another departed colleague. But, just as often as we repeat those words, just as often are we that much more sincere in our eulogy of the passing of a great and dearly beloved friend.

JIM'S absence is a tremendous blow, not only to the constituents in his district, and to his family, but especially to his friends, among whom I am happy to know that I was numbered.

Remarks by Representative Sabath

Of Illinois

"Another bark has put to sea,
Another boat has left the shore,
As fair a soul on board has she
As ever left the land before.
And as her outward port she tends—
Sit closer, friends!"

Mr. SPEAKER: I have served here with many affable and able Members, especially from the great State of New York, but I do not know one who ingratiated himself and acquired the good will of the membership of the House more readily than did our friend Mr. O'LEARY.

Our late friend was, in addition to being a sound legislator, a very successful businessman. We often hear the question, when assessing the worth of a man, "Has he ever had to meet pay rolls?" Mr. O'LEARY successfully and many, many times met pay rolls. On that account, then, many, from the materialistic viewpoint, designate him a successful man; but I prefer at this time to remember him because in every phase of human activity in which he engaged he was true and loyal; he possessed a spotless record for high character and integrity; he was honest, generous, and sincere. Ever precise in promise keeping, he built an enviable reputation for superior citizenship.

Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend.

It affords me extreme gratification to pay this simple, though inadequate tribute to the memory of our departed friend, whose passing is a real loss to us, who are his friends, his State, and the Nation.

And so, with sorrowing hearts and warmest personal recollections, we bid him today an official and affectionate farewell.

Remarks by Representative Elmer

of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This is the second memorial service I have attended in this House. Both were impressive. I listened to the eloquent addresses of a year ago and of today and I observed to myself, how fitting.

I knew our deceased colleagues for only a short time and cannot appraise them like those who have known them longer. I accept the appraisal of their worth, made by their people who sent them here on the mission to serve our common country.

On the surface, it sometimes seems, there is more strife than unity, and when one falls by the wayside his place is so quickly taken by another we forget the comrade of yesterday in greeting the one of today. But not so. The greatest thing in this House is the fellowship among its Members and their respect for each other. The strife comes from the earnestness of each to serve his country in his own way. Such fellowship cannot exist in any body of 435 Members which does not have a common purpose. If all were melted into one mass and poured into one mold there would emerge the image of Uncle Sam—the symbol of our united country. We remember them day by day, and on this annual occasion, show to our fellow Americans we have not forgotten.

When Columbus discovered America he saw a light burning on the shore. It was a signal from the New World to the Old, symbolical of the light of liberty that has burned here ever since. God has erected in our country His great lighthouse of freedom—evermore. It has sent its rays to all parts of the world. It has never lost its power, but has grown increasingly bright and strong as the years roll by.

Our deceased brothers, when alive, stood guard over this gift of God and with us have kept the lamps trimmed and the lower lights burning along the shore. They must be kept here, else freedom and liberty would be extinguished from the earth.

Remarks by Representative Canfield

Of New Jersey

Mr. SPEAKER: The House, I am sure, will grant me the indulgence of this moment to pay tribute to the late JAMES A. O'LEARY, one of our most beloved Members, who departed this life leaving a permanent record of accomplishment for and service to his country upon the journal of our proceedings during one of the critical periods in our history.

Jim, as he was universally known to us, had a genial, buoyant disposition, a ready smile, and lived up to his Irish inheritance with a fund of philosophical wit and humor. He was a true American, his patriotism reaching down to the soil and roots of our fatherland.

He served with my late esteemed predecessor, George N. Seger, and myself on the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries and was religiously devoted to the restoration and expansion of our merchant marine. Frequently Mr. Seger and myself rode with him back and forth to New York, discussing the future of our merchant marine in the prewar days when the pioneering was being done for the great expansion program that made possible our present vast communication and supply lines reaching to every part of the globe.

Back in 1936 they, under the leadership of our distinguished chairman and other esteemed colleagues, laid the foundation for the winning of the war in peacetime commercial expansion.

Representing the maritime district of Staten Island and lower Manhattan, JIM O'LEARY fought mightily and successfully for the expansion of the shipbuilding industry in his community, but never at the expense of the national objective of the expansion program, only as a contribution to the greater cause.

The House, and the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries particularly, has lost a valuable Member. His children have been deprived of a devoted father, but their grief will be assuaged in the remembrance of the distinguished public service he has rendered his country.

Remarks by Representative Stanley

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: It was with sorrow that I heard of the death of our colleague, Representative JAMES A. O'LEARY. Although I did not enjoy the privilege of knowing him well, my association with him was of the most pleasant kind. He worked hard in the interests of his constituents and yet was never too busy to help his colleagues with assistance or advice.

Our New York delegation will suffer through his loss. To his family I send my most sincere sympathy.

Remarks by Representative Capozzoli

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: Nothing which I might say about our late colleague JAMES A. O'LEARY could be nearly as eloquent as the poem written by our good friend Horace C. Carlisle.

The manly traits, which I knew our late colleague possessed, are well enumerated in this poem.

He shall be missed on the floor of this House but not in the hearts of his friends.

Pursuant to leave granted to me, I insert Mr. Carlisle's poem:

REPRESENTATIVE O'LEARY

JAMES A. O'LEARY of New York has gone—
His fruitful labors among us are done—
Now he is resting in comfort and ease
Under the shade of eternity's trees,
That line the banks of the River of Life,
Where is no sickness, no sorrow, no strife.

JAMES A. O'LEARY was loved and revered
By all who knew him, but truly endeared
Was he to Members of Congress, for he
Stood ever ready, at all times, to be
Spent and to spend, whensoever he could
Help in promoting Americanhood.

JAMES A. O'LEARY, on down to life's close,
Favored his friends, but respected his foes,
Whose rights were sacred to them as his own
Were to him—truly, he never was known
Wrongly to treat a political foe—
His motto was, "We will reap what we sow."

JAMES A. O'LEARY, when came the last call,
In meek submission, bade farewell to all
His friends and kinsmen, and went on ahead,
Over the River of Death, unafraid
Where, far beyond the celestial blue,
He sees the dreams of his heart coming true.

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

THURSDAY, *March 16, 1944.*

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, it is with genuine sadness that I announce the death of our late lamented colleague, Mr. JAMES A. O'LEARY, from the State of New York. I have known JIM personally, as we familiarly called him, for a great many years, and I and others in this Chamber over the years have learned to respect and have for him a most affectionate regard. I repeat the words of Genesis, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Nonetheless, it is indeed very sad to note the parting of this good and loyal friend. It is difficult to say farewell to one as loyal as he, to one as sincere. He has gone to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns. As I grew to know JIM I always felt that he followed most religiously the teachings and admonitions of the great prophet Micah, who said that he always loved mercy, did justice, and walked humbly. JIM by his deeds and by his words did indeed walk humbly and he loved mercy and did justice. He was ever kind, benign, and gentle. Though quiet in demeanor, he had great stability of character. In his very meekness there was great strength. I would say that he knew the soft, sad music of humanity. He never feared death. He was sick for an undue length of time. He said to me, "Why fear that which is inevitable, and death is inevitable?" I agree with the poet, "What is death? At most it is a journey for a season, and a sleep longer than usual. If thou fearest death, thou should fear also sleep." JIM had no fear in his heart. I would say, in conclusion, that God has put His finger upon him; and he sleeps.

Mr. SOMERS of New York. Mr. Speaker, in the first sad hour of shock it is always difficult for me to express the emotions that I feel coursing through my mind. Such a shock has come

to me twice in the last 2 weeks, once when I lost a friend in Tom Cullen, who served in this House for 24 years, and now again when I lose another who has been close to me for 8 years, JIM O'LEARY. I was very fond of him. I shall always remember with great pleasure the many happy hours that we spent together when I would refresh myself in his sound American philosophy. To talk to JIM O'LEARY reminded me of the way Amos must have felt when he said, "When I want strength I kiss the earth." When I wanted strength it was nice to feel that I could, in a manner of speaking, kiss the hand of my friend, JIM O'LEARY. I do not know that I would be exaggerating at all, Mr. Speaker, if I were to say more sincerely JIM was one of the finest character I ever knew, simple and sweet. He had three characteristics that I think make the measure of a man. He was courageous, he was tolerant, and he was kind. He was courageous even in these days when courage is not always too evident. He was courageous because he never failed to announce his conception of Americanism. He believed in this country, in this country above all things. I am sorry to say that in many realms of society that is not too popular today. But JIM O'LEARY never faltered in his devotion to his country. Therefore I think that at this moment we have lost a man whom we can ill afford to lose. The Nation suffers. I in my personal life suffer. Strange, is it not, how lonely life grows as the years accumulate? We see snatched from us from time to time the things we have grown to love, the things that become actually a part of us. They are snatched from us through no act of ours and they leave us tremendously saddened. The loss of JIM O'LEARY will leave an ache in my heart that nothing that I can conceive of will ever fill.

Mr. DELANEY. Mr. Speaker, every Member of the Congress has heard with deep regret of the demise of our dear friend and colleague, JIM O'LEARY.

He was my dear friend and, with many Members of the House, I shall miss him very much. He was a credit to his

city, State, and Nation. As Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments he did a splendid job and reflected great credit on his ability as a leader and an executive.

The fine work he did as a Member of the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries is well known to the Members of this House. Although ill at the time, he, in the pursuit of his duties, went on a long and tedious trip to the west coast to get a true picture of the marine situation there.

To his family go the sympathy and condolence of all of us in the Congress.

Mr. MERRITT. Mr. Speaker, God in his wisdom has seen fit to reach out and take from our midst one of our very dear and loyal friends, a valuable asset to the House of Representatives; JIM O'LEARY was a true friend and a good American. A man who at this moment has one son giving his very best so that we can continue in this deliberation in which we are taking part this afternoon. The things that JIM stood for were pronounced by his every deed and his every action up until this present moment. His suffering was tremendous, not only his physical suffering, but his mental suffering as well, having just suffered the loss of his dear wife. I am sure his son and daughters will be happy in the knowledge that he has left behind him many, many friends. We stood here no more than 2 weeks ago and uttered practically the same words in behalf of another departed colleague. But, just as often as we repeat those words, just as often are we that much more sincere in our eulogy of the passing of a great and dearly beloved friend.

JIM'S absence is a tremendous blow, not only to the constituents in his district, and to his family, but especially to his friends, among whom I am happy to know that I was numbered.

Mr. MCCORMACK. Mr. Speaker, the grim hand of death has again visited this body. For 10 years our late friend JIM

O'LEARY, as his friends knew and called him, labored in this body, giving a character of service to his people and his country which it will be difficult for anyone who succeeds him to surpass. We who knew him personally, we who were numbered among his friends, feel keenly the passing of JIM O'LEARY and we are going to miss him greatly from among our ranks.

I remember well seeing him last fall on two occasions in Boston when he was there undergoing medical treatment in connection with the illness which brought about his death this morning. With full knowledge of the seriousness of his condition, as was evidenced in my talks with him, he viewed it from a fine, high, noble, philosophical and religious angle. Those two talks which were among the last I had with him, the philosophical way in which he considered his illness, made a very strong impression upon me.

For 10 years he gave the best that was within him to his people and to his country by sincere and faithful and loyal service in this body. As previous speakers have well said, he was sincere. We can all subscribe to that beautiful trait possessed by our late friend. But more than sincere, he was kind. He was a man who encouraged others. He was a man of understanding. The passing of JIM O'LEARY leaves another gap in our ranks.

To his children I extend my profound sympathy in their bereavement. To the people of his district I extend my feeling of sympathy in the loss of their great Representative. I know that they appreciate the character of service that he so ably gave to them. And to our colleagues of the New York delegation I also express my sympathy because each and every one of them were not only personal friends of our late colleague, JIM O'LEARY, but he also was one of their delegation.

The New York delegation has had two visitations of death within a few weeks. There is no finer delegation in this House than the New York delegation. I deeply sympathize with them in the loss from their ranks of a sincere and kindly

character, a man of understanding, our late friend and colleague, JIM O'LEARY.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, I yield such time as he may care to use to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Fay].

Mr. FAY. Mr. Speaker, this is the second time in 30 days that death has visited the ranks of the New York delegation. Only 2 weeks ago we attended the funeral of the venerable Tom Cullen, of Brooklyn. Today we mourn the loss of Congressman JIM O'LEARY, of Staten Island. He was a businessman of fine accomplishments. Last summer I spent 2 months in the hospital on Staten Island, in his district. I came in contact with the civilian personnel who lived on Staten Island. Everyone spoke highly of JIM O'LEARY as their Representative. He exerted considerable influence in developing Staten Island as a great port in the harbor of New York. He brought business and manufacturing to Staten Island, and it now stands today as a great important section of our city.

We shall miss JIM O'LEARY. I extend to his family my profound sympathy and respect for a great father and husband who typified the qualities of a gentleman.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Bender] such time as he may care to use.

Mr. BENDER. We all know how futile mere words are on an occasion like this. I happen to be a member of the Committee on Expenditures and I knew JIM O'LEARY well. He was all that the distinguished majority leader stated. He was kindly and friendly and generous to a fault. He was a good friend. He was a strong partisan. No man served the Democratic Party better as chairman of the Committee on Expenditures than JIM O'LEARY, and he was always fair and considerate of every minority member of the committee. I join the New York Members in mourning his passing. I am sure if any man deserves a place in the heavenly throng, JIM O'LEARY does.

Mr. BURCHILL of New York. Mr. Speaker, it is with deepest sympathy and a sense of the greatest loss that I join with my colleagues in announcing to this body the passing of my beloved colleague, the Honorable JAMES A. O'LEARY, of Staten Island, N. Y. JIM O'LEARY has been, in addition, my dear friend and neighbor, as we had the distinction of representing adjoining districts in the State of New York. This enabled me to appraise his character and abilities from observation as well as association. His legislative record and judgment were unsurpassed during his term of service in this body and his character, demonstrated as a Member of this House and his community, was beautiful in its simplicity and dignity.

JIM knew the sorrow that follows the irreplaceable loss that comes with the passing of a close and dear one, having suffered the loss of his beloved wife a short time ago. Since that time he has devoted his life to his lovely family of two daughters and one son, Lt. James A. O'Leary, Jr., now serving his country. There is so little I can say to them in their hour of sorrow that would in the smallest measure approach the adequate. I can only extend my personal sympathy and hope that God will give them that supernatural strength He sends to all of us at some time in our lives when the need for it arises. The memory of their father will rest with this House throughout the years to come. It is a memory which will hallow and revere his many years of loyal and faithful service. The high regard in which he was held by the leadership and his colleagues on both sides of the aisle, who sat in stricken silence today at the grave announcement of our loss, serves as mute and golden evidence of the great esteem in which JIM O'LEARY has always been held by this honorable body.

Because of the location of his district, JIM O'LEARY'S greatest interest and most of his life were devoted to maritime matters. In memoriam I am reminded of those famous

and beautiful words of the epitaph of Robert Louis Stevenson which might well have been uttered by JIM O'LEARY as he went to his Heavenly resting place:

> Here he lies where he longed to be;
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Harris] such time as he may care to use.

Mr. HARRIS of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, one of my first committee assignments on coming to the House was to the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries. At that time, JIM O'LEARY was one of the ranking Democrats on the committee. I came to know him exceedingly well through a common interest we had in more than one project concerning our respective districts. Through this association I quickly came to recognize his great ability, to respect his judgment, and to admire and have great affection for him personally. He was an independent thinker, a man of courage, and of courageous action. He is another of our beloved colleagues who have gone down fighting on the legislative firing line. We can ill afford to spare his like. We sorely shall miss him. His memory ever will remain green in our minds. Our hearts full of sympathy go out to his children.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Torrens] such time as he may care to use.

Mr. TORRENS. Mr. Speaker, although I did not have the honor of knowing Congressman O'LEARY but slightly, still I knew of the splendid work he did as a Member of Congress.

With his colleagues I join in offering my sympathy and my condolence to his bereaved family.

Mr. COCHRAN. Mr. Speaker, I made the acquaintance of JAMES O'LEARY when he was first elected to this House. It so happened he was assigned as a member of the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments, of which I was

then the chairman. He served on that committee during the entire time he was in Congress, and when I resigned the chairmanship to accept my present assignment he became chairman and occupied that position at the time of his death.

He was always kind and helpful and was blessed with a personality that made friends for him with everyone he came in contact with. The people of his district, the State of New York, and the Nation have lost a faithful public servant.

Mr. LYNCH. Mr. Speaker, it was with deep regret that I learned of the death of our colleague from New York, Representative JAMES A. O'LEARY.

During my term as a Member of the House I became rather well acquainted with him. His quiet and unassuming attitude seemed to be a magnet that drew people to him. During his 10 years of service in the House of Representatives he devoted himself wholeheartedly to the best interests of the people of his district. His loss will be deeply felt not only by the people of Staten Island and lower Manhattan, which he represented, but also by all the New York delegation.

To his family I extend my sincere sympathy.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 474) which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES A. O'LEARY, a representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of six Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER. The Chair appoints the following members of the committee: Mr. Celler, Mr. Fish, Mr. Delaney, Mr. Powers, Mr. O'Brien of New York, and Mr. Burchill of New York.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the remainder of the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was agreed to; accordingly the House (at 3 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.), pursuant to its order heretofore entered, adjourned until Monday, March 20, 1944, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *March 20, 1944.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Most merciful Father of all the earth, in this life, the scene of victory and failure, of joy and sorrow, we beseech Thee to enlarge our conception of Thee and of Thy plan and purpose for us. Humble us in the sense of our own attainments and grant that we by faith may rest in the consciousness that wherein we are deficient Thou wilt make it up through the merits of Jesus Christ the righteous. O Thou who wert a true Man, the truest the world has ever known, a great Man, the greatest among the sons of men, inspire in us the purest and the noblest thoughts, turning us toward the everlasting verities of our most holy faith.

Dear Lord, our hearts are filled with sympathy for all who are heavy laden and burdened with care. A deep, harsh-toned grief has come to one of our homes. O God, there are

so many open spaces in the music of this world; be lovingly near the stricken family and enable them to hide their sorrow in the rest of Thy promise: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; neither be thou dismayed." Loving Father, Thou art near all who call upon Thee; may they be possessed with the strength of an inner calm, as they look forward with imperishable hope, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 272):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES A. O'LEARY, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of he deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon on Monday next.

The message also announced that pursuant to the provisions of the above resolution, the Vice President had appointed Mr. Wagner and Mr. Mead members of said committee on the part of the Senate.

THURSDAY, *March 30, 1944.*

Mr. BLAND. Mr. Speaker, with the passing of JAMES A. O'LEARY, or JIM as he was lovingly known to the members of the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, there was a feeling of genuine sorrow. It was hard to think that we would miss hereafter his cheery greeting, always graced by his genial smile. Each member cherished him as a personal friend, and knew that his discussion of the most difficult problem would be illuminated always by his rich Irish wit.

JIM was devoted to the merchant marine, and worked untiringly for its success. We all found him wise in counsel, zealous in work and industrious to spare no effort that would make our Nation more sea-minded and more conscious of the national importance of merchant ships. He achieved much and was never satisfied that all had been done which should be done. He constantly strove for greater results, and I owe much to him for his genial comradeship, his continued support, his inspiration, and his zeal. I believe all of JIM'S colleagues on the committee feel as I do.

I present, for spreading upon the Record of the House, where he served ably, the following resolution adopted by the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries at its session on Tuesday, March 28:

COMMITTEE RESOLUTION

Whereas on the 16th day of March 1944, the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries of the House of Representatives suffered in the loss of JAMES A. O'LEARY, of New York, one of its most industrious, diligent, and faithful members, and an invaluable factor in upbuilding an American merchant marine, in promoting the American fisheries, in expanding the United States Coast Guard, and in providing navigation aids, in supporting marine hospitals, and in upbuilding the Panama Canal: Now therefore be it

Resolved—

First, That the Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries recognizes in the death of Hon. JAMES A. O'LEARY, Representative from the Eleventh District of New York, the loss of a devoted public servant, a faithful Representative, a sterling patriot, and a loving friend whose record in Congress was marked by industry, energy, ability, fidelity, zeal, and patriotism, and whose sound judgment, signal ability and wise statesmanship, were of inestimable benefit to this committee in its deliberations at all times;

Second, That the committee will ever cherish the memory of their association with Mr. O'LEARY, and will find in the patience, intelligence, and zeal with which he served an example and inspiration;

Third, That the committee extends to the district which Mr. O'LEARY served and to the family which survives him its deepest sympathy in their sorrow; and

Fourth, That these resolutions shall be spread upon the minutes of this committee, printed in the Congressional Record, and that a copy shall be sent to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BLAND. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to extend the resolution referred to.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it is so ordered.

There was no objection.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

THURSDAY, *March 16, 1944.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Maurer, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. JAMES A. O'LEARY, late a Representative from the State of New York, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate a resolution coming from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolution (H. Res. 474) was read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
March 16, 1944.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES A. O'LEARY, a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of six Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. MEAD. Mr. President, in connection with the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES A. O'LEARY, late a Representative from the State of New York, I send to the desk a resolution, which I ask to have read, and for which I ask present consideration.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 272) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES A. O'LEARY, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the President of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Under the second resolving clause the Vice President appointed Mr. Wagner and Mr. Mead as the committee on the part of the Senate to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Mr. MEAD. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon on Monday next.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 33 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until Monday, March 20, 1944, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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